



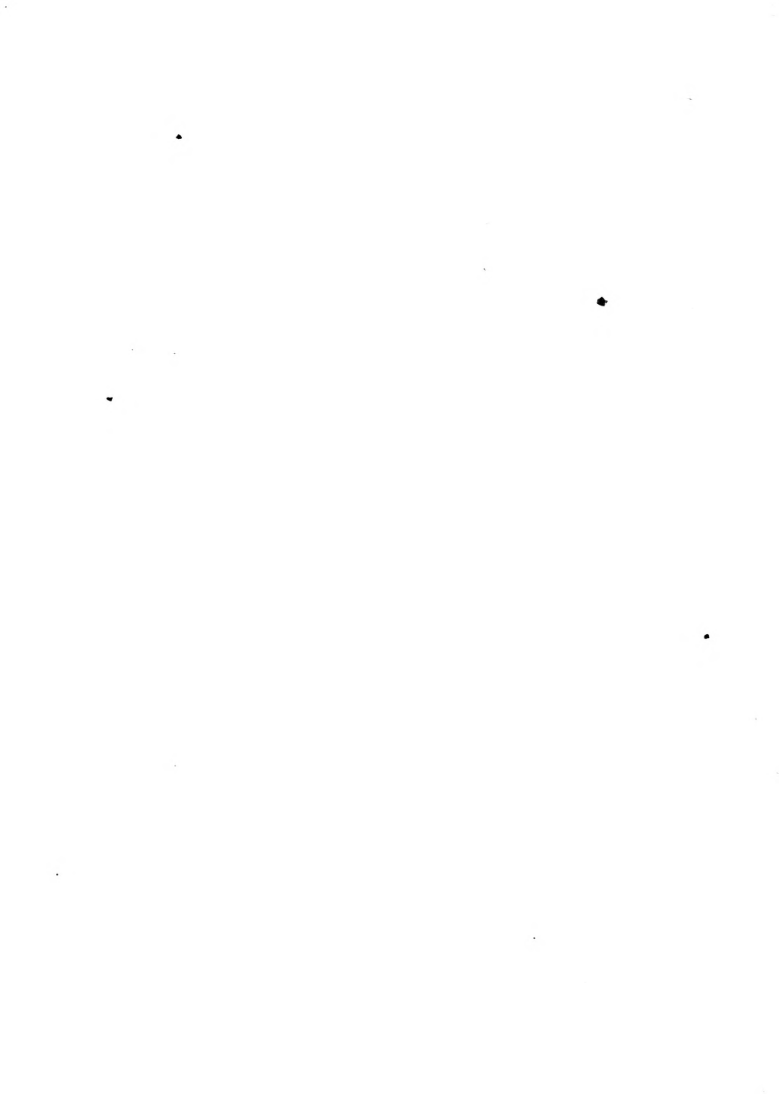
No 2569698



GIVEN BY

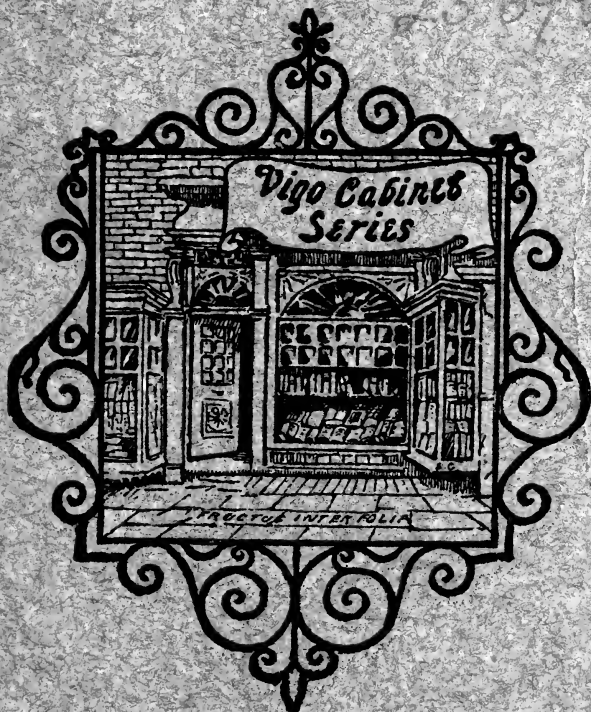
Elizabeth Fund.





Strangers and Foreigners

By Lois Saunders



LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.

The Vigo Cabinet Series

An Occasional Miscellany of Prose and Verse

Royal 16mo. One Shilling net, each Part.

* Also to be had in Cloth 1s. 6d. net.

- No. 1. THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY. By CANON SKRINE.
No. 3. SILENCE ABSOLUTE. By F. E. WALROND.
No. 6. THE CYNIC'S BREVIARY. Maxims and Anecdotes from
NICOLAS DE CHAMFORT.
No. 7. URLYN THE HARPER. By W. W. GIBSON. [*Second Edition.*
No. 8. IBSEN'S LYRICAL POEMS. Trans. by R. A. STREATFEILD.
No. 9. THE QUEEN'S VIGIL. By W. W. GIBSON. [*Second Edition.*
No. 10. THE BURDEN OF LOVE. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.
No. 11. THE COMPANY OF HEAVEN. By E. MOORE.
No. 12. VERSES. By E. H. LACON WATSON.
*No. 13. BALLADS. By JOHN MASEFIELD. [*Second Edition.*
No. 15. DANTESQUES. By GEORGE A. GREENE.
*No. 17. THE TABLES OF THE LAW, AND THE ADORATION
OF THE MAGI. By W. B. YEATS.
No. 18. STANDARDS OF TASTE IN ART. By E. S. P. HAYNES.
No. 19. FROM A CLOISTER. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.
No. 20. SONGS AND SONNETS. By EVA DOBELL.
No. 21. POEMS. By HAROLD MUNRO.
No. 22. A FLOCK OF DREAMS. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.
No. 23. SOUNDS AND SWEET AIRS. By JOHN TODHUNTER.
*No. 24. THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN AND RIDERS TO THE
SEA. By J. M. SYNGE. [*Fifth Thousand.*
No. 25. LOVE'S FUGITIVES. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.
No. 26. AN AUTUMN ROMANCE. By ALICE MADDOCK.
No. 27. THE TRAGEDY OF ASGARD. By VICTOR PLARR.
No. 28. THE NETS OF LOVE. By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.
*No. 29. POEMS IN PROSE. From CHARLES BAUDELAIRE. Trans-
lated by ARTHUR SYMONS.
No. 30. SEA DANGER, AND OTHER POEMS. By R. G. KEATINGE.
No. 31. SHADOWS. By ELIZABETH GIBSON.
No. 32. AN HOUR OF REVERIE. By F. P. STURM.
No. 33. POEMS BY AURELIAN.
*No. 34. SOME POEMS OF LIONEL JOHNSON. Newly selected
with an Introduction by LOUISE IMOGEN GIURERG.
No. 35. WHISPER! By FRANCES WYNNE.
No. 36. THE TENT BY THE LAKE. By FRED. G. BOWLES.
No. 38. THE GATES OF SLEEP. By J. G. FAIRFAX.
No. 39. THE LADY BEAUTIFUL. By FRANCIS ERNLEY WALROND.
No. 40. A WINDOW IN WHITECHAPEL. By ISABEL CLARKE.
No. 41. POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS. By ARUNDEL ESDAILE.
*No. 42. RAINBOWS AND WITCHES. By WILL H. OGILVIE.
No. 43. STRAY SONNETS. By LILIAN STREET.
No. 44. THE HEART OF THE WIND. By RUTH YOUNG.

STRANGERS AND FOREIGNERS



Strangers and Foreigners

BEING TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, GERMAN AND
MIDDLE HIGH GERMAN

DONE INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

LOIS SAUNDERS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, CANADA

25696.78

LONDON

ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET

MCMXII

✓

950
—
21

2. 12. 1874
Page 3. 9. 9
2

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

TO THE MEMORY
OF
JESSIE GRANT

For lilies these I lay where she is sleeping.

Contents

	PAGE
The Confession	<i>Charles Baudelaire</i> 11
Thamyris to her Roses	<i>Götz</i> 13
Colloque Sentimentale	<i>Paul Verlaine</i> 14
Life's Philosophy	<i>Théodore de Banville</i> 15
On his Daughter's Marriage	<i>Giosué Carducci</i> 16
Virgil	<i>Giosué Carducci</i> 18
Funere mersit acerbo	<i>Giosué Carducci</i> 19
The Last Poet	<i>Anastasius Grün</i> 20
To Leuconoe	<i>Gleim</i> 23
The Heart	<i>Hermann Neumann</i> 24
Epitaph on a Child	<i>Uhland</i> 24
The Refuge	<i>Ludwig August Franke</i> 25
In the Forest	<i>Ludwig Bowwitsch</i> 26
Autumn Thoughts	<i>Lenau</i> 27
Eager Heart	<i>Hans Hopfen</i> 28
A Little Song	<i>Marie von Ebner Eschenbach</i> 28
Hope	<i>Gaudy</i> 29
Pipe and Drum	<i>Alexis Aar</i> 30
Two Geese	<i>Julius Sturm</i> 32
Violets	<i>A. Nicolai</i> 33
The Walk at Midnight	<i>Herwegh</i> 34

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Wir standen vor	<i>Ferrand</i> 37
Chorus of the Dead	<i>Conrad Ferdinand Meyer</i> 39
My Muse	<i>Karl von Rohrbach</i> 40
An Appeal	<i>Hermann Lingg</i> 41
Why?	<i>Carl Emil Otto</i> 42
Sonnet	<i>Rückert</i> 43
From "Songs on the Death of Children"	<i>Rückert</i> 44
All is a Breath	<i>Rückert</i> 46
Travelling Companions	<i>Rückert</i> 47
From the Liebes-Frühling	<i>Rückert</i> 48
From the Liebes-Frühling	<i>Rückert</i> 49
The Starry Host	<i>Carmen Sylva</i> 50
The Weaver's Song	<i>Carmen Sylva</i> 51
Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 52
Es liegt der heisse Sommer	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 52
Du liebst mich nicht	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 53
So hast du ganz und gar	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 54
Werdet nur nicht ungeduldig	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 54
In mein gar zu dunkles Leben	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 55
Sie stehen unbeweglich	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 56
Du schönes Fischermädchen	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 57
Der Teufel	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 58
The Loreley	<i>Heinrich Heine</i> 59
From the Minnesingers: Dance Song	
	<i>Walther von der Vogelweide</i> 60
Elegy	<i>Walther von der Vogelweide</i> 63
Spring and Women	<i>Walther von der Vogelweide</i> 66

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Winter Song	<i>Walther von der Vogelweide</i> 68
May	<i>Ulrich von Lichtenstein</i> 69
Sigune and Schionatulander	<i>Wolfram von Eschenbach</i> 70
The Spring	<i>Moriz von Craon</i> 75
Cease I now my theme to teach	<i>Moriz von Craon</i> 76
Sonnets of Petrarch :	
Voi ch' ascoltate in rime	77
Quando fra l' altre donne	78
Le stelle e 'l cielo	79
In nobil sangue	80
Datemi pace	81
Discolorato hai, Morte	82
Si breve é il tempo	83
Ne mai pietosa madre	84
Soleasi nel mio core	85
Due gran nemiche	86
Sento l' aura mia	87
Levommi il mio pensier	88
Non puo far morte	89
I' vo piangendo	90
Dolci durezza	91
Spirto Felice	92
Vago Augelletto	93
Qual donna attende	94
Sestina	95

The Confession

ONCE, only once, beloved and gentle lady,
 Upon my arm you leaned your arm of snow,
And on my spirit's background, dim and shady,
 That memory flashes now.

'The hour was late, and like a medal gleaming
 The full moon showed her face,
And the night's splendour over Paris streaming
 Filled every silent place.

Along the houses, in the doorways hiding,
 Cats passed with stealthy tread
And listening ear, or followed, slowly gliding,
 Like ghosts of dear ones dead.

Sudden, amid our frank and free relation,
 Born of that limpid light,
From you, rich instrument, whose sole vibration
 Was radiancy and light—

THE CONFESSION

From you, joyous as bugle-call resounding,
 Across the woods at morn,
With sharp and faltering accent, strangely sounding,
 Escaped one note forlorn.

Like some misshapen infant, dark, neglected,
 Its kindred blush to own,
And long have hidden, by no eye detected,
 In some dim cave unknown.

Your clashing note cried clear, poor, prisoned spirit,
 That nothing in this world is sure or fast,
And that man's selfishness, though decked as merit,
 Betrays itself at last.

That hard the lot to be a queen of beauty,
 And all is fruitless, like the treadmill toil
Of some paid dancer, fainting at her duty,
 Still with her vacant smile.

That if one build on hearts, ill shall befall it,
 That all things crack, and love and beauty flee,
Until oblivion flings them in his wallet,
 Spoil of eternity.

THE CONFESSION

Oft have I called to mind that night enchanted,
The silence and the languor over all,
And that wild confidence, thus harshly chanted,
At the heart's confessional.

Charles Baudelaire.

Thamyris to her Roses

'Twas the promise of my lover
Ere you blossomed to appear,
But the hour is passed, O roses,
And he is not here.

Cytherea's lovely daughters
Look with pity on my pain!
Roses, shield my lover's honour,
Close, ah close again!

Götz.

Colloque Sentimentale

IN the old park, frozen and bare,
Two forms but now have wandered there.

Their eyes are dead and their lips are cold,
And scarce may the words they speak be told.

In the old park, bare and frozen fast,
Two spectres have called back the past.

“Dost thou remember our former bliss?”

“How should I remember aught of this?”

“Does thy heart still beat when my name they say?
Dost thou still in thy dreams behold me?”—“Nay.”

“Ah the bliss untold that we used to know,
When lip touched lip.”—“Perchance ’twas so.”

“Oh the sky was blue and hope was high.”

“Hope has fled vanquished to the black sky.”

Thus through barren fields they wandered on,
And their words were heard by the night alone.

Paul Verlaine.

Life's Philosophy

YOUTH, untouched by melancholy,
Fair as the sun of Italy,—
Cling to thy delicious folly!

This is Wisdom! Love of wine,
Beauty, and the spring divine,—
'Tis enough! Nought else is thine.

Smile in Destiny's stern face,
And when Spring fills every place,
Cast her roses in thy glass.

When thou liest 'neath the stone
What remaineth? This alone,
Love through hours of May to have known.

“Seek the source whence wisdom flows,”
Says the dreamer, cold, morose,
Words, words, words! Quick, pluck the rose!
Théodore de Banville.

On his Daughter's Marriage

TUSCAN mountains, and you, O peaceful woodlands of
olive,

Under whose shade I have stood, silent in love's happy
visions

Golden harvest, and vines with your bursting grapes
grown purple

In the warm sunlight, amid gay peals of joyous laughter!

Sun of my youthful years, smile on the innocent maiden,
Torn from my arms by love, a bride 'neath the Tuscan
heavens,

Smile thou upon her, and all that fate has ever denied me
Grant to her, giving her peace in her heart's deep affec-
tions.

Hush! breathe it not, O ye hills, and whisper it not, O
ye olives!

Tell it not, kindly sun, though thou all seeing, well
knowest

ON HIS DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE

That on the far side of yon hill, lie, perchance awaiting
her coming,
My dear ones, who lived in sadness, and perished in
sorrow.

Earnestly upward she gazes, she feels in her bosom
Thrill the throbbing of life, while a subtle air breathes in
her tresses,
While the breath of the hills, as the sun is setting around
her,
Stirs on her girlish head the snow-white veil that enfolds
her.

Giosué Carducci.

Virgil

As when above parched fields the compassionate
Moon suspended, floods the summer dew with light,
Murmurs the flowing stream, the ripples scintillate,
Reflecting as they run the radiance white.

The unseen nightingale hid 'mid the leaves of night,
Fills the vast calm with melodies passionate,
The traveller listens, and remembers the bright
Locks of his love, nor knows the hour is late.

And the desolate mother, who has wept fruitless tears,
Lifts from the grave her gaze to the shining skies,
And that still whiteness calms her misery.
Smiling the face of the hills and the distant sea appears,
And through the mighty trees the fresh breeze sighs,
Such, O divinest poet, such thy verse to me.

Giosué Carducci.

Funere mersit acerbo

O thou who on yon flowery hill art lying,
And by thy side our father too is sleeping,
Dost thou not hear, through the tall grasses sighing
Upon thy grave, a little voice of weeping?

It is my little one, who, trembling, crying,
Knocks at thy silent door, who here was keeping,
Thy memory green in that great name undying,¹
And who like thee has fled this life of weeping.

Ah no, for playing in a flowery place,
Smiled on by gracious visions fair and bright,
The Shadow wrapped him in his cold embrace,
And thrust him to thy shores of desolate night.
Oh, take him to thee, lest he turn his face,
Seeking his mother, and the sun's sweet light.

Giosué Carducci.

¹ Carducci's brother and his little son were both named Dante.

The Last Poet

WHEN shall the hearts of poets
Be weary of their song?
When shall the strain be silent
That has rung out so long?

Has not the horn of plenty
Yet failed of its supply?
Are not the flowers all gathered?
Is not the stream run dry?

So long as through the azure
The sun's car finds its way,
And but one face is lifted
Rejoicing in his ray.

Long as the heavens are darkened
By storm and tempest's might
And but one heart is shaken
With terror at the sight;

THE LAST POET

So long as breaks the rainbow
In beauty after storms
And one breast at the vision
With hope and comfort warms.

So long as Night sows broadcast
Through Heaven's vast realm her stars
And but one man can read the scroll
Across the golden bars.

So long as fall the moonbeams
Upon one childlike heart,
Long as the forest murmurs
Peace to one soul impart.

So long as Spring returning
Brings back the grass and rose,
And laughter gleams in happy eyes
And joy unclouded glows.

So long as under cypress trees
The graves of loved ones lie,
So long as eyes are filled with tears,
And hearts with misery.

THE LAST POET

So long the Spirit of Delight,
Who wakes the poet's song,
Shall gather in her magic train,
A glad and willing throng.

And singing, though the earth grows old,
The same undying strain,
The last of all the human race,
A poet shall remain.

Still in the hollow of God's hand
As at Creation's birth,
Like some fair flower beneath His smile
Lies the yet lovely earth.

And when at last this lovely flower
Has bloomed and lived and died,
And earth and sun, like withered leaves,
Have all been laid aside,

Then may'st thou ask, if still to thee
Desire or wish belong,
If now the strain is silent
That has rung out so long.

Anastasius Grün

To Leuconoe

PLUCK the roses while they bloom,
Autumn is not spring!
Snatch each hour as it flies,
Time is on the wing!

This day's thine—but who can tell
What the next may bring?
Drain the cup of Love and Mirth,
Time is on the wing!

Love deferred is love undone—
'Tis a foolish thing,
Swiftly live thy span of life,
Time is on the wing!

Gleim.

The Heart

Two chambers has the heart,
Wherein do dwell
Sorrow and joy apart.

When Joy wakes in her nest,
Sorrow is still,
And lies in quiet rest.

O Joy, beware, nor break
The calm—speak low,
Lest Sorrow should awake.

Hermann Neumann.

Epitaph on a Child

THOU cam'st and went'st, leaving no trace below,
A passing guest on this strange earthly shore.
Whither and Whence? This only can we know,
Forth from God's hand back to God's hand once more.

Uhland.

The Refuge

WHEN sorrow round thy heart is stealing,
Deep pain that will not be gainsaid,
Seek not in haunts of men for healing,
But to the forest turn for aid.

For rocks and trees too have their token,
Their tale of pain's relentless stroke,
Lightning and storm have cleft and broken
Proud crest of rock and heart of oak.

They have no words of hope and gladness,
Like man to cheer and heal grief's smart,
Yet shall each echo voice thy sadness,
And dying linger in thy heart.

Ludwig August Franke.

In the Forest

LONELY I pass through the forest,
And the song of birds
Floats through the branches above me,
Like Love's sweet words.

Lonely I pass through the forest
And the breath of flowers
Greets me like Love's caresses,
In morning hours.

Lonely I pass through the forest,
And the flowing stream
Weaves song and ripple and perfume
Into my dream.

And I find the hopes I buried
In the grave of yore,
The joy of youth, and the sweetness,
In the woods once more.

Ludwig Bowitsch.

Autumn Thoughts

FAIREST Spring, thou art not here,
Nowhere, nowhere wilt thou tarry,
Where I saw thy flowers appear,
Autumn's blasts the dead leaves carry.

Mournfully the wind creeps by,
As if wailing through the hedges,
Bearing Nature's dying sigh,
Shuddering o'er the withered sedges.

Once again, so soon, how soon,
Has a year behind me perished,
From the woods a murmur comes,
"Hast thou found the hopes long cherished."

Forest murmurs, strangely dear,
My heart's grief have ye invaded
Come with each returning year,
Faded leaves and hopes as faded.

Lenau.

Eager Heart

EAGER Heart, let the question rest
What shall the Springtime bring?
Green grass springing—song-bird's nest—
Violets blossoming.

Love of woman and pain of heart
Springing at Spring's behest:
Joy its measure, and sin its part,
Heart—let the question rest.

Hans Hopfen.

A Little Song

A LITTLE song,—how comes it then
It finds its way to the hearts of men?
What lies within it? prithee tell.

A little quaint refrain is there
A little story—a little air—
And somebody's soul as well.

Marie von Ebner Eschenbach.

Hope

HOPE slumbers deep in the heart as in lily cups slumbers
the dew,

Hope bursts forth as through clouds after storm breaks
out the heavenly blue,

Hope springs, a delicate blossom, on bleak rocks barren
and steep,

Hope shines through tears, as diamonds shine under the
waters deep.

A thousand times disappointed, O poor weak heart of
mankind!

Thou turnest thy gaze ever upwards with a joyous and
trustful mind!

Like unwearied Arachne weaving her webs ever early and
late,

To be daily torn asunder by the cruel hand of Fate.

Gaudy.

Pipe and Drum

I HEAR the sound of piping and drumming,
Lock up the bread, mother, soldiers are coming,
Peace and rest at their step take wing,
Sorrow and trouble are all they bring.
Ready no doubt to deal foemen a blow,
But friends oft the weight of their strong arm know,
Methinks they fancy the whole world's treasure
Is at their service, to do them pleasure.

I hear the sound of piping and drumming,
Lock up thy heart, maiden, soldiers are coming.
Proudly they march in war's array,
By kiss and promise they win their way.
Well can the soldier flatter and smile,
Luring thy heart with many a wile,
But if thou trust him, then woe betide,
Thou shall be his plaything, but not his bride.

PIPE AND DRUM

I hear the sound of piping and drumming,
Hold back the young men, soldiers are coming,
The old still love the gay sight full well,
How shall the young heart resist the spell?
See how they follow the marching line,
How their eyes flash as the weapons shine,
Maiden, thy lover, mother, thy son,
The soldiers enticed him, and he is gone.

Alexis Aar.

Two Geese

To the white goose spoke the gray goose with a confidential mien,

“Let us go and walk together on that sward so smooth and green,

It would certainly refresh us both to taste the tender grass,

And so in pleasant company a pleasant hour we'll pass.”

“No” said the white goose coldly, “I fear I must decline, I only walk by day with geese in the same set as mine.

Familiarity with you would hurt my reputation,

I am a goose, 'tis true, but one of very different station.”

Julius Sturm.

Violets

“OF late I met ‘Her’ by the wood,
Oh, joy untold of Spring,—
And watched her small hand where I stood,
Blue violets gathering.

With glad yet fluttering heart, I too,
Beside her in the grass,
Those blossoms plucked of Spring’s own hue,
How did it come to pass,

My roving fingers touched her hand,
And held it prisoner?
He knows, who in Spring’s fairyland
Has gathered flowers with ‘Her.’”

My grandsire’s diary told this tale
On old and faded pages,
I read it there,—yet men bewail
Times alter with the ages.

A. Nicolai.

The Walk at Midnight

My spirit passes in the silent night,
Through each deserted street and quiet lane,
Astir an hour ago with laughter light,
Or passionate weeping—now comes rest again.
The air is parched and drooping like a flower,
The reveller's foaming cup has ceased to gleam,
And care has vanished with the midnight hour,
The world is weary—let it rest and dream.

How all my hate and passion die away,
As the day closes soft with sun or showers,
And the moon sheds her reconciling ray,
Although it fall but on fast dying flowers.
Light as a breath, unresting as a star,
My spirit roams through shade and pallid gleam,
And clear and open as its own thoughts are,
Lie the dim workings of each secret dream.

THE WALK AT MIDNIGHT

My shadow glides behind me like a spy,
I pause before a prison's guarded door,
O Fatherland! thy son loved faithfully,
And for that faithful love he paid full sore.
He sleeps—nor knows that all his hopes are past,
He dreams perchance, of the old forest stream,
He dreams he holds the victor's crown at last,
O God of freedom, leave to him his dream.

Stately before me under watch and ward,
A palace towers, I pass the curtains sheen,
And see one who in sleep still grasps his sword,
One with sin-marred and terror-stricken mien.
Haggard his face and yellow as his crown,
All decked for flight his courser's trappings gleam.
He tumbles headlong—and the earth breaks down.
O God of justice—leave him to his dream.

The little cabin by the lonely stream,
Hunger and innocence have here their place,
Yet the poor peasant has his God-sent dream,
Which all the long day's misery shall efface.

THE WALK AT MIDNIGHT

For every seed from Morpheus' hand that falls,
Shall a fair harvest field before him gleam,
The narrow hut shall stretch to palace walls,
God of the needy—let the poor man dream.

At the last house, before the bench of stone,
With words of blessing on my lips I pause.
I Love thee, Dearest, but not thee alone,
Thou wilt not grudge my love in Freedom's cause.
Butterflies hover round thy slumbers light,
For me the rush of steeds, the battle's stream,
Thine is the dove's wing, mine the eagle's flight,
O God of love,—still let my loved one dream.

O star, whose light like joy through clouds must break,
O night, close wrapped in thy dark veil of blue,
Let not the sorrowful earth too soon awake,
Our sad and toilworn hearts again to view.
The earliest sunbeam shines on falling tears,
And Freedom's sword by day unsheathed must gleam,
The arm of Tyranny once more uprears,
O God of sleep and waking,—let us dream.

Herwegh.

Wir standen vor

WE stood together by a grave,
Beside the lilac trees,
Soft through the grass on the hillside
Wandered the evening breeze.

She murmured timidly and low,
“ If I should leave thy side
And scarce a memory of me
Save in thy songs abide.

“ If thou, alone on this wide earth,
My fellowship should'st miss
And but in dreams of night once more
Perchance should'st feel my kiss.

“ Come to my grave, where lilacs wave,
Roses their petals shed,
And bending low on the cool grass,
Lay down thy burning head.

WIR STANDEN VOR

“And once again sweet scented flowers
Bring as so oft before
From my still slumber, at thy step,
I will awake once more.

“Then will I whisper all my thoughts,
In the old trustful guise,
As once, when heart to heart we looked
Into each other's eyes.

“And he who passes by will think,
'Tis but the wandering breeze
That stirs the swaying lilac flowers,
And rustles through the trees.

“Each trifle of thy daily life,
All thou must tell to me,
And I will murmur back the dreams
Which here I dream of thee.

“Then when the evening comes, and star,
On star is glimmering bright,
So soft and low that none can hear,
We two shall say, Good-Night.

CHORUS OF THE DEAD

“Thou through the twilight shalt depart,
With peace for all thy pain,
And I, beneath the bending flowers,
Shall fall asleep again.”

Ferrand.

Chorus of the Dead

The dead, oh the dead, mighty multitudes we,
As ye on the earth, as ye on the sea?
The fields we have ploughed with unwearying toil,
But ye swing the sickle, and ye reap the spoil.
What we have completed, what we have begun,
In the world above still feeds the springs as they run.
All our love and our hate, all our quarrels and strife,
Are still throbbing on in humanity's life.
By the laws universal whose worth we have found,
Shall all the earth changes for ever be bound.
And our music, our poems, our art manifold,
Still strive for the laurel in radiance untold.
We still seek the same goal, O mortals, as ye,
Then yield homage and tribute, for mighty are we.

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer.

My Muse

My Muse is but a half-tamed child,
Who barefoot runs about the moor,
The winds play through her tresses wild,
And through her scanty garb and poor.

She never dwelt in royal halls,
Nor ever knight for her broke lance,
And none in princely garb arrayed
Has moved before her in the dance.

To-day she smiles, in merry mood,
No pain she knows, she knows no smart,
To-morrow grief may chill her blood,
And leave her weeping, sad at heart.

To-day o'er field and hedge she flies,
The grass her light feet scarcely press,
To-morrow in her chamber lies,
And weeps for secret bitterness.

AN APPEAL

Well, leave her so,—to-day how dumb
She sits with spinning-wheel and spool,
Perchance before the next year come,
The truant we shall find at school.

Karl von Rohrbach.

An Appeal

REMEMBER thou the debtor art
Of poor men who lack everything,
And who might claim from thee a part
In all the gifts that earth can bring.
If through thy life the streams of blessing
In golden fulness gently glide,
Let none about thy window pressing,
Gaze on thy feast unsatisfied.
Fright not the wild bird from his singing,
Behind thee let some gleaners abide,
And in thy vineyard leave some clusters clinging.

Hermann Lingg.

Why?

ONCE in the springtime we loved each other,
It was long ago,
Brief was the dream and it passed as swiftly
As the wind and snow.
But once we sat in a dreamland golden,
On the mountain crest,
Once only, under those beeches olden
Thy lips I prest.

Full fifteen years, or more perchance,
Have passed since then,
Nor once—as I gaze across the years—
Have we met again.
I felt no pang when I knew thee wed,
My heart was free.
Why at this hour with a sudden dread
Do I think of thee?

Why? I am sitting with gay companions
Flushed with wine:
How should I see this night of winter
That face of thine?

SONNET

Art thou yearning now with a wild unrest
For the old joys fled,
Or—a dark foreboding fills my breast—
Art thou lying dead?

Carl Emil Otto.

Sonnet

IN summer 'twas my comfort with sweet flowers,
To deck the grave where ye were laid, my own;
Once more ye seemed to bloom for me alone,
As the buds opened under sun and showers.
But now a wintry sky above me lowers,
The flowers of spring are frozen all and gone,
The tender dreams which solaced me have flown,
And verse alone can soothe my lonely hours,
The children of my joy and of my weeping,
They are not buried in the cold dark earth
Deep in my heart I hold them in safe keeping,
And songs of peace, roses of fairer birth,
Brighten my grief with rays of heavenly worth;
For lilies these I lay where they are sleeping.

Rückert.

From "Songs on the death of Children"

I LOVED thee, my little daughter,
And my very heart is sore,
Now thou art dead, that living,
I could not love thee more.

I loved thee dearly, more dearly,
Than ever I could express,
But my silent nature too rarely showed,
The signs of its tenderness.

I loved thee dearly, still dearly,
When chiding words I said,
Oh let whatever was lacking
Of love be here doubly paid.

Too oft in thy anxious training
My love was veiled by care,
I thought of the fruit, my darling,
I forgot the flower was fair.

FROM "SONGS ON THE DEATH OF CHILDREN "

Had I known how soon the north wind
Would scatter its bloom at my side,
Each faintest wish of that childish heart
I would fain have gratified.

Thou didst my bidding,—from the cup
I gave thee didst not shrink,
The cup was bitter,—it grieves me now
Because I bade thee drink.

Thy lips fast closed as death drew near,
Opened once more for me,
Alas, the cordial draught we gave,
Prolonged the strife for thee.

Yet thou didst cling to us, while death
Close by thy bed did stand,
Smiled on us with those fading eyes,
Caressed with dying hand.

What said the little clinging hand
That spoke when speech was gone?
Forgiveness for the ignorance
That sought thy good alone.

FROM "SONGS ON THE DEATH OF CHILDREN "

Oh, may each word that grieved thee then,
That chilled thy spirit bright,
Be all forgotten, or by love
Interpreted aright.

Rückert.

All is a Breath

HEART, now so old, yet so foolish at times,
Hop'st thou from morning to morning,
All the bright treasures the Spring failed to bring,
Shall linger for Autumn's adorning?

Never the wand'ring breeze ceases to play
Through the boughs where each blossom uncloses,
Roses unfold in the morn at his breath,
At evening he scatters the roses.

Never the wand'ring breeze ceases to play
Through the boughs till each blossom has perished,
All, oh my heart, is a wind and a breath,
All we have loved and have cherished.

Rückert.

Travelling Companions

WHERE the dark ways of Fate
Oft cross and blend,
Where each in his own path
Seeks his own end,

Hope not that he who now
Walks by thy side
Will linger, should his path
From thine divide.

At times more closely drawn
Heart touches heart,
A little space,—and then,
Again must part.

Though now beside thee one
Thy path may share,
Dream not the journey's end
Will find him there.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS

The parting hour must come,
The paths divide,
Ere evening shadows veil
The mountain side.

Rückert.

From the Liebes-Frühling

THOU art my soul, thou art my heart,
Thou art my joy, my grief thou art,
Thou art my world in which I live,
My Heaven, in thee I all receive.
My grave, where all that once distrest
Forever I have laid to rest.

Thou art my rest, thou art my peace,
The haven where my wanderings cease,
That thou hast loved me seals my worth,
Thy look reveals my noble birth.
Thy love has raised me o'er myself,
My higher soul, my truer self.

Rückert.

From the Liebes-Frühling

Love spoke and said, "In thy Beloved's beauty
See that thou ever seek not earth, but heaven,
To nerve thy strength for tasks of nobler duty,
Nor for the heavenly light be false light given."

Love spoke and said, "In thy Beloved's glances
See that thou seek for light, and not for fire,
A lamp when in the dark thy foot advances,
Not flame that shall consume thy life's desire."

Love spoke and said, "In thy Beloved's presence
See that thou seek for wings, and not for chains,
Wings that may bear thee to the sunlight's essence,
Lest amid flowers and weeds thy soul remains."

Rückert.

The Starry Host

THE stars are mine in their splendour,
They are mine, they belong to me,
They are ever shining, by night and day,
For my felicity.

Over my head their dazzling rays,
Shed a radiance clear and bright,
Men wonder to see my face illumed
Transfigured in their light.

Do you ask why only to me,
A gift so precious is given,
Ah, my host of stars are only two,
But these two are my heaven.

Carmen Sylva.

The Weaver's Song

FLY, shuttle, fly,
At the war my boy must die,
My daughter's betrayed and cast aside,
My wife is gone, of shame she died,
Fly, shuttle, fly.

Speed, shuttle, speed,
No food in our bitter need,
My daughter's child cries out for bread,
They will lay me soon in the cold dark bed,
Speed, shuttle, speed.

Rest, shuttle, rest,
Oh, the weight on my breast,
Frosty the pane, and cold the blast,
The fire's out, darkness closes fast,
Rest, shuttle, rest.

Carmen Sylva.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam

ON a rock in the cold bleak Northland
A pine tree stands alone:
He sleeps and the ice and snowflakes
O'er his branches their pall have thrown.

But dreams float through his frozen slumbers
Of a distant southern land,
Where silent and lone a palm tree
Lifts her crest 'mid the burning sand.

Heinrich Heine.

Es liegt der heisse Sommer

THE flush of passionate summer
Lingers upon thy face,
In thy heart the frost of Winter
Has found a dwelling place.

DU LIEBST MICH NICHT

But a change will come, beloved,
Will come to heart and brow—
Cold Winter shall dwell on thy forehead,
In thy heart the Summer glow.

Heinrich Heine.

Du liebst mich nicht

THOU lovest me not, thou lovest me not—
This thought brings never a care,
When I gaze on thy face, beloved,
My heart is as light as air.

Thou hatest me, dear, right heartily,
Those red lips the truth have told.
Give me one kiss from that wayward mouth,
My child I shall be consoled.

Heinrich Heine.

So hast du ganz und gar

HAST thou forgot that once within thy heart
I reigned a king, and claimed a royal part?
Thy heart so sweet, so false, so frail a thing,
No flower again so sweet, so false shall spring.

Hast thou forgot the love, the bitterness,
Which in thy heart together wont to press?
I know not which was greater, love or woe,
But both, ah both, were great—thus much I know.

Heinrich Heine.

Werdet nur nicht ungeduldig

BE not impatient, though the tones
Of old lays born in hours of pain
Through the new songs of happier days
Are sometimes faintly heard again.

IN MEIN GAR DU DUNKLES LEBEN

Have patience—they will die away,
The echoes of my pain will cease,
And songs newborn of Spring and Hope,
Flow from a heart once more at peace.

Heinrich Heine.

In mein gar zu dunkles Leben

ONCE in my dark life history,
A bright hope dawned on me,
Now the sweet dream has vanished,
Night shrouds me utterly.

As children o'ertaken by darkness,
With courage wellnigh fled,
Uplift their trembling voices
And sing to chase their dread.

I, a poor child, am singing
Thus through the long dark night,
Wild though the song and foolish,
It has brought me strength and light.

Heinrich Heine.

Sie stehen unbeweglich

IMMOVABLE are standing

The stars in the heights above,
Many a thousand years, and gaze
Each on each with pangs of love.

They speak a secret language,
So wonderful, so grand,
And none of the great philologists
This language can understand.

But I have learned its meaning,
And shall not forget it again,
I looked in the face of my love, and found
The grammar which makes all plain.

Heinrich Heine.

Du schönes Fischermädchen

DEAR little fisher maiden,
Bring thy boat to the land,
Come to me, and sit beside me,
Let us talk here hand in hand.

Lay your head on my bosom,
And do not tremble, dear,
You venture out on the roughest seas,
Each day, without a fear.

My heart is like the ocean,
With its storms, its ebb and flow,
And many a precious pearl,
Hid in the depths below.

Heinrich Heine.

Der Teufel

I CALLED the devil and he came,
And to wonder greatly I began,
He is not ugly, he is not lame,
He's a most delightful and charming man.
A man he is in the prime of life
Polished, and of worldly experience great,
Accustomed to diplomatic strife,
And a capital speaker on Church and State.
He is somewhat pale, but that is no wonder,
Sanskrit and Hegel he labours under.
His favourite poet is one Fouqué,
But of late he no critical work undertakes,
All this he utterly forsakes,
And leaves to his grandmother Hecate.
He praised my attempts at the study of law,
He had tried it himself, he said, of yore.
He also said, my friendship would be
Much prized by him, and he winked at me,

THE LORELEY

And he asked if we had not met before
At the house of the ambassador of Spain,
And when I gazed at his face once more
'Twas an old acquaintance I met again.

Heinrich Heine.

The Loreley

I KNOW not what means the sadness
With which my soul is opprest;
A tale of old world wonder
Comes and goes in my breast.
Cool is the air, 'tis darker,
Calm the Rhine waters run,
The mountain tops are glowing
Red in the setting sun.

A wondrous maiden is sitting
In her beauty over there,
Her gold and jewels are gleaming,
She combs her golden hair,

THE LORELEY

With a comb of gold she combs it,
And a wonderful song sings she,
That has an enthralling sweetness,
A magic melody.

Fierce pangs lay hold on the fisher,
As his little boat floats by;
He sees not the rocks around him,
He gazes ever on high.
I know that at last the waters
Over fisher and boat must run;
And this with her magic singing
The Loreley has done.

Heinrich Heine.

From the Minnesingers

DANCE SONG

“LADY, this garland take,”
So spoke I to a maiden wondrous fair,
“And you the dance shall make
More lovely by the lovely flowers you bear.”

FROM THE MINNESINGERS

Had I great store of gems and gold,
All should belong to you,
Trust me, my words are true,
Steadfast the purpose which I hold.

“ Love! for your grace to me,
Gladly a garland do I wind for you,
As fair as well may be,
For many flowers are here, red, white, and blue,
In yonder hedge where they do hide,
There they are gaily springing,
The birds above them singing,
Together we will pluck them side by side.”

My gift she did not spurn,
But took it as a child from friendly hands,
A rosy flush did burn
Upon her cheek, as the rose 'mid lilies stands.
Shamefaced her blue eyes looked on me,
A gracious answering greeting
Came to me from my sweeting,
And soon I had what I ne'er looked to see.

FROM THE MINNESINGERS

I think not that again
Such joy will come as then possessed my breast
The blossoms fell like rain
From the trees above, and in the grass did rest.
I was so glad I laughed for happiness.
But as the dream sped on,
Which all this joy had won,
The morning dawned and I awoke from bliss.

But hence it doth arise,
That summer long when lovely maids I meet,
I gaze into their eyes,
If I perchance may see her, oh, how sweet,
If at this joyful dance my love I see.
Have pity maids, be kind,
Oh, bear it in your mind,
Would I beneath our wreath my love might see.
Walther von der Vogelweide.

Elegy

ALAS! and where have vanished so many and many a year,
Was all my life but dreaming, did I never yet see clear?
All that once seemed so real, was it but a fleeting play?
Long, long have I been dreaming, and time has passed
away.

Now at last have I awaked, alas, I cannot understand
What was once as clear and plain in my sight as is this
hand.

The friends, the fields, I long ago gazed on with childish
eyes,
Are now as strange as though 'twere nought but vanity
and lies.

Those who were once my playmates now are old and gray,
The field is ploughed, the wood cut down, and all is passed
away.

Only the water flows as it flowed in days gone by,
Ah! surely I am made the playfellow of misery,
Many greet me coldly who knew and loved me well before.
Alas! God's grace has passed away from the earth for
evermore.

ELEGY

Sadly I remember many days of gladness and delight,
But like a stroke upon the sea, they have vanished from
my sight.

Alas, for evermore.

Alas! how heavy a mind bows down the youthful heart,
Who once in joy and gladness lived their merry part?
Now they know of naught but sorrow, alas, why is it so?
Where'er I look I see no heart with happiness aglow:
The dance, the song have all by care been driven far away,
Never in Christian land was seen so sorrowful a day,
And cruel letters have been brought of late to us from
Rome,

We are allowed to grieve, but joy has left the German home,
Now I am full of grief, as once I lived right joyfully,
For smiles of happiness are turned to tears and misery,
The birds in the air above are mourning for our pain,
What wonder when even to death I grieve and weep in vain?
Poor fool, why should I speak such useless words as this.
He who would seek for pleasure here shall fail of heaven's
bliss.

Alas, for evermore.

ELEGY

Alas! how have they sought upon us sweetness to bestow!

I see the bitter in the cup amid the honey show.

The world about is lovely, white and green and red,

But within are blacker colours, the darkness of the dead.

And whom the world has led astray, let him pardon seek
and peace,

For small the penance needed to bring his soul release.

Then think on this, O Knight, for to you pertains this
thing,

You wear the helm and armour, with many an iron ring.

The mighty shield is yours also, and consecrated sword,

Would God that I were worthy to battle for my Lord!

Then should I poor sinner, a worthy prize obtain,

Not house, or land, or prince's gold the pay that I would
gain.

I seek to wear a heavenly crown, even with the angel host,

A soldier's spear might win it, fighting bravely at his post.

Ah! to take the heavenly journey, and beyond the waters
pass,

Then glory should I ever sing, and never more Alas.

Walther von der Vogelweide.

Spring and Women

WHEN the flowers in the grass are springing,
Smiling up as if to greet the dawn,
Early in the morn in time of May;
And the merry birds are gaily singing
In their sweetest wise, what joy is born
For the world, to speed its happy day!
Man half deems that heaven's realm he shares.
Would you know what greatest likeness bears
To this joy? I straightway shall make known
What, so often as it greets my eyes,
Calls to mind this thing, and this alone.

Yes, methinks a maiden fair and splendid,
Richly clad, and with bright blossoms crowned,
Passing like a queen among the throng,
Stately she, by all her train attended,
Casting many a gracious glance around,
Like the sun she seems the stars among.

SPRING AND WOMEN

May, with all her favours to bestow,
Nothing half so wonderful can show,
As her lovely form so full of grace.
All the other flowers we let go by,
Gazing only on her beauteous face.

Look now if proof must justify my praising,
Come forth into the joyous realm of May,
Which lies in all its fulness in your sight.
Gaze here, and then on woman's beauty gazing,
Say which must yield and own the other's sway,
Say if my choice be not well judged and right.
Yes, if of twain I needs must choose,
And the one for the other lose,
May, thou shouldst January be,
Ere I would give my love for thee.

Walther von der Vogelweide.

Winter Song

WINTER, thou bringest us gloom everywhere,
Forest and meadow are leafless and bare,
Many sweet sounds floated once on the air,
Tossing their balls have I seen maidens fair,
And the music of many a song-bird was there.

Oh, could I sleep all the winter away!
As oft as I wake my grief finds its way,
That his realm is so wide, and so mighty his sway.
But courage! he yields in the conflict with May,
And flowers I gather, where late the snow lay.

Walther von der Vogelweide.

May

IN the forest sweetest songs,
 Little birds are singing,
'Neath May sunshine in the hedge
 Fairest flowers are springing.

So my courage wakes, again,
 When it thinks of thee, confessing,
'Thou hast filled my life with blessing,
 As dreams bring the poor man gain.

Ulrich von Lichtenstein.

Sigune and Schionatulander

(TITUREL)

YE who have sung of love and pains of love have tasted,
Hark to the tale of maiden's love and youth in sorrow
wasted,

Such a tale am I now declaring
To all who love's desire and the fire of love are sharing.

The sweet young Schionatu lander felt love burning,
For his little playmate's beauty his sad heart was
yearning,

He spoke, "Sigune of all the fairest,
Help, sweet maiden, let thy hand bring help, if for my
grief thou carest.

"Lady of Katelangen deny me not thy treasure,
Men say thou comest of a race who take a gracious
pleasure

With love's reward the friend to honour,

SIGUNE AND SCHIONATULANDER

Who feels love's need, and oh wilt thou the ancient use
dishonour? "

"Doux ami, now speak, dear friend, what is this thou
declarest?

Let me know of a truth if this mind towards me thou
bearest.

If so to thy grief I must listen kindly,
But art thou not sure thereof thou dost wrong to speak
thus blindly."

"Man must seek for favour where alone she dwelleth,
Lady, I seek thy favour thy grace all other gift excelleth.
Friendship well beseems children's pleasure,
But who shall comfort longing if favour never yields
her treasure?"

She spoke, "If thou need healing thou should'st make
known thy sorrow
To those more powerful than I, thus should'st thou
comfort borrow.

Why ask that I should heal thy grieving?
I am an orphan, friends and lands far, far behind me
leaving."

SIGUNE AND SCHIONATULANDER

“ Right well I know fair lands are thine, and as a queen
men hold thee ;
I seek not these at all, let but thy heart through thine
eyes behold me,
So that thou take pity on my sadness,
Help, lest the torrent of thy love sweep from out my
heart all gladness.”

“ Is Love a He? Canst thou not Love's likeness be
telling?
Is it a She? and if she comes shall I with her make my
dwelling?
Shall I keep it with the rest of my treasure?
Will she fly upon my hand? is she wild? can I lure her
at my pleasure?”

“ Lady, from man and maid alike have I oft heard the
story
How Love can draw his bow full well on the young and
the hoary,
With deadly aim he sends his thoughts winging,
Nor ever fails bring down his game running, creeping,
flying, springing.

SIGUNE AND SCHIONATULANDER

“Sweet Maid! till now I only knew of Love by song and
fable,
Love dwells within the thought, now to tell his strength
I am able,
A changeless love fills my heart with madness.
Love like a thief from out my breast has stolen away all
gladness.”

“Schionatulander! to me thoughts come thronging,
When thou leavest me I feel in my heart so strange a
longing,
Till once again mine eyes perceive thee,
All week I grieve, not once or twice the longing will
not leave me.”

“Ask of Love no more, sweet maid, for by thy showing,
Full well thou hast learned already of Love’s coming
and his going,
See how Love may compass Joy’s undoing,
Give Love his right, and pleasures lost our hearts will
ne’er be ruing.”

SIGUNE AND SCHIONATULANDER

She spoke, "And can Love steal into all hearts softly
creeping?

Can neither man nor maid escape by speed or strict
watch keeping?

And will none avenge Love's dealing

On those who for his fault such cruel pangs are feeling?"

"Yes, Love is mighty, over young and old he hath
strange power,

No man on earth can declare what he doeth hour by
hour,

Let us together seek his help forever

By changeless friendship, then shall Love by change
destroy us never."

"Alas, has Love no other help, no other way to shield
me?

But I must give myself to thee and all my young life
yield thee?

Thy youth was never to my service given,

Ere thou win me, know, with sword and shield thou
must have bravely striven."

“Lady, when I grow strong and bear arms, to do thy
pleasure

By labour hard or light alike will I strive to win thy
treasure,

Perchance for my guerdon thou’lt befriend me,

I need thy help, O grant it that success may attend me.”

So with tender words had love his first awaking,

In the days when Pompeius to Baldag his way was
taking

With his strong men, swift in arms and plunder,

And Ipomedon the mighty, many new spears broke in
sunder.

Wolfram von Eschenbach.

The Spring

It was the merry time,

That bringeth on the prime,

Sang the birds in wood and sky,

Loud and high,

With many voices clear;

The rose and broom appear,

THE SPRING

And blossom everywhere.
It was the merry time when care
And sorrow are hateful to the heart;
Richly adorned was every part
Of the forest in lovely dress,
For the summer's joyfulness.
Fresh young leaves and grass below,
Did a fair green carpet show,
Full of flowers of every kind.
All this brings a joyful mind,
When one thinks of it again
And calls to mind the bird's sweet strain.

Moriz von Craon.

CEASE I now my theme to teach
Beggar poor the German speech,
When a man therein would sing,
'That his verse may smoothly ring,
He his words must split,
Or two together knit.
Would I had power to make my thought,
Better and more finely wrought.

Moriz von Craon.

SONNETS OF PETRARCH

Voi ch' ascoltate in rime

ALL ye who hear in scattered lays the sound,
Of those first sighs wherewith my heart I fed,
In early days by wandering fancies led,
When I was other than I now am found.
For the changed notes that in my grief resound,
I by false hopes and vain regrets bested,
From every one who 'neath love's stroke has bled,
Pity implore, though pardon be not found.
Now I perceive that to the world a name
Of wonder was I long: whence many a year
My heart is filled with bitter shame, alas!
And of my vain desire the fruit is shame,
And sore repentance, and the knowledge clear,
That this world's joys are but as dreams that pass.

Quando fra l'altre donne

WHEN among other women bright and fair,
Love shows himself in my beloved's face
Even as she surpasses all in grace,
So without measure grows the love I bear.
I bless the day, the hour when first I dare
On such high prize my heart's affection place,
And whisper to my soul "In happy case
Art thou, deemed meet honour so great to share.
From her the sweet assurance comes that thou
Dost, following her, to the highest good aspire
Holding of little worth what most desire.
And she the confident spirit doth inspire
Which by right ways to Heaven guides thee now,"
And thus I walk erect with calm and steadfast brow.

Le stelle e 'l cielo

THE stars, the sky, and all the powers of air,
In this fair Light have set their utmost art,
Which mirrors back all nature's goodliest part
And shines as if no sun were elsewhere.
So lofty is the work, so strange and fair,
Its beauty well might dazzle mortal heart;
For Love did to those radiant eyes impart
The grace and sweetness which are shining there.
And where those soft rays fall the air is sweet,
With purity, and doth strange power obtain
To hold our very thoughts and words in thrall,
No low desires dare approach her seat
But truth and honour—how should this befall
That evil passions are by beauty slain?

In nobil sangue

HIGH lineage with lowly life combined
And lofty intellect with a pure heart's dower,
The fruit of age dwelling with youth's fair flower
And with a serious mien a gladsome mind.
These gifts the King of Heaven hath designed,
Upon my lady's daily path to shower,
Honour and fame beyond the poet's power:
No words to praise her fitly can he find.
Here love stands side by side with holiness,
And natural beauty in befitting dress,
Though silent, still her deeds make music meet,
And in her eyes there shines a radiant light
Which can make dark the day and bright the night
And honey bitter, and even absence sweet.

Datemi pace

OH bitter thoughts of mine, give me repose,

Is 't not enough Fortune and Joy make war,

And Death besets me round about my door,

But in my breast I must find other foes?

And thou, my heart, dost still thyself disclose,

Faithless to me alone, as oft of yore,

And dost receive with love my foemen sore,

The swift and deadly authors of my woes.

Love has his secret messengers in thee,

Fortune in thee her flattering pomp displays,

Death keeps alive that sad remembrance still,

That shall distress the remnant of my days.

Glad thoughts in thee are charged with misery,

And thus I hold thee cause of all my ill.

Discolorato hai, Morte

DEATH! thy cold hand has touched the loveliest face
Was ever seen, and closed the fairest eyes;
Has cut the tender and beloved ties
Which held a soul of purity and grace.
Thou has bereft me in a moment's space,
Of all my joys—hast stilled those melodies
Of sweetest tone; my heart in anguish cries,
For grief I see and hear in every place.
Thou doest well, O Lady, to return,
By pity led, to comfort sad desire,
No other solace in this life I find.
Could I make known how bright thy glories burn,
How sweet thy speech—with love I should inspire,
I say not man's, but even the tiger's mind.

Si breve é il tempo

So brief the moment and so swift the thought,
Which brings my lady from the grave again,
That instant is the medicine for my pain;
Since when I gaze on her my grief is nought.
Love who hath bound me and my cross hath wrought,
Trembles when he beholds her stand again,
At my heart's door, where he my life doth drain,
With face and accents fair beyond all thought.
She comes a queen unto her own, to chase
The bitter thoughts which haunt my burdened heart,
With the calm radiance of her heavenly face,
My spirit with such splendour half opprest,
Murmurs "Forever blesséd be the day,
When to my heart thine eyes first found a way."

Ne mai pietosa madre

No mother filled with pitying tenderness,
For a dear son, no wife with heart afire,
For him she loves, e'er felt such quick desire,
Or such true counsel gave in time of stress,
As she who from her home in happiness
Waits till my term of banishment expire
With love and patience that can never tire,
While the old sympathy her looks express.
Like friend, or mother, moved with hope and fear
Still at my side she stands to cheer and guide
And warn me of the ills which may betide.
She shows the perils which beset my life,
Bidding me lift my soul, nor linger here,
And when she speaks, alone I cease from strife.

Soleasi nel mio core

In beauty once she dwelt within my heart,
A noble lady in a poor abode,
Now since she treads no more this earthly road
The mortal mine, and hers the heavenly part.
The soul from all its treasure torn apart,
Love of its light bereft that brightly glowed,
Might move a stone to weep their sorrow's load,
But none have words their suffering to impart.
In secret they lament where none can hear,
Save I who feel their weight of misery,
So great that nought for me save sighs avails,
Truly but dust and shadows all are we,
Truly desire is burdened, nor sees clear,
Truly hope cannot rise, but droops and fails.

Due gran nemiche

BEAUTY and purity, once deadly foes
Were joined in bands of peace and harmony,
And dwelt within her spirit's sanctuary,
Unmoved by storms, in undisturbed repose.
Now Death has cut the tie that bound them close
And one in Heaven shines most gloriously,
And one lies underground—the earth doth lie
On those fair eyes whose fire no longer glows.
The kindly deed, the language sweet and soft,
By noble thoughts inspired, the gentle glance
Which soothed my spirit, I recall them oft.
These all are gone, and if I still delay,
I linger in the hope that thus perchance
Her name may shine the brighter for my lay.

Sento l' aura mia

I BREATHE once more the well-known air, and see
The far hills rise where that fair light had birth,
Which oft, while lent by heaven to comfort earth,
Has stirred my soul to joy or misery.
O hopes of bygone years, O memories dear
The grass is faded, hushed the water's play,
Empty and cold the nest wherein she lay,
But I in life or death would linger here.
Rest from my grief and from those eyes divine,
Whose beauty burnt my soul with quick desire,
For this I pine—weary and tempest-tost.
A cruel and hard-hearted Lord was mine
He did consume the fuel of my fire,
I weep its ashes, scattered now and lost.

Levommi il mio pensier

My spirit rose in dreams o'er time and space,
Where she I love, but see on earth no more,
Dwells with the blest on Heaven's eternal shore,
Less haughty and more fair I saw her face.
She held my hand, and said, "In that blest place
Thou soon shalt be, if hope deceive no more.
I caused thy life's fierce conflict heretofore,
And ere the twilight fell had run my race.
No human thought my bliss can understand,
I wait till thou shalt come, and hope to wear
The veil of beauty thou didst love again."
Why did she cease to speak and loose my hand?
For at those words, breathing so pure an air,
Almost I seemed in heaven to remain.

Non puo far morte

DEATH cannot mar the sweetness of that face,
But that sweet face can steal from Death his sting,
Nor need I help from any earthly thing;
I know her near from whom all good I trace.
And He Who shed His blood to win us grace
Whose stroke the gates of Hell did open fling,
Brings peace to me by His own suffering,
Then welcome Death, I fear not thy embrace.
The hour is come, spare not thy stroke to give,
Thou should'st have slain me on the selfsame day,
When from this life my lady passed away,
For since that moment I have ceased to live.
I walked with her—with her would be at peace—
My journey ended where her footsteps cease.

I' vo piangendo

LONG vanished years with weeping I retrace,
When my heart's love I set on mortal thing,
Nor sought for heavenly flight to try my wing,
Who should have yielded no example base.
Thou who hast seen my suffering and disgrace,
Heaven's great immortal and invisible King,
Some succour to my wandering spirit bring,
And fortify its weakness through Thy grace.
That so my life in war and tempest past
May reach the port in peace; and though my way
Was perilous, sure be the goal at last.
My guide be thou through Life's remaining day,
And in Death's hour thy hand about me cast,
Thou knowest that on Thee my hopes I stay.

Dolci durezze

GENTLE rebukes and soft remonstrances,
Full of pure love and pitying tenderness,
A sweet severity that could repress
My passionate will to due observances,
A low soft voice in whose clear tones unite
All courtesy with spotless purity,
Fount of delight, white flower of chastity,
Winning my soul from wrong to love the right.
Eyes of divinest beauty, such as fill
The soul of man with happiness, yet strong
To curb the strivings of my restless will
And heal my spirit, vexed with constant strife,
In this perfection of thy lovely life,
I find my peace 'mid conflict stern and long.

Spirto Felice

Oh happy spirit, who so tenderly
Didst turn those eyes more lovely than the day,
Breathing such sighs and words as live alway,
And lingering fill my soul with melody.
How oft with heart afire in days gone by
I watched thy feet thro' grass and violets stray,
Not as a woman's but as angels' may,
And still that form forever dwells with me,
Which thou, returning to thy Maker's side,
Left here on earth, and that fair veil of grace
And beauty giv'n thee by God's high decree.
Love at thy parting left the earth with thee,
And Courtesy, and the sun his face did hide
And Beauty crept into Death's pallid face.

Vago Augelletto

SWEET bird, that ever as thou passest by,
Dost lift thy plaintive voice early and late,
Knowing that night and winter for thee wait,
While summer and the day behind thee lie.
If thou couldst in my pain thy own descry,
Couldst know how like to thine my sad estate
Thou wouldest not shun this heart so desolate,
But share thy griefs with mine in sympathy.
And yet I know not how they can compare,
For she thou lov'st is still perchance in life,
While death and heaven have robbed me of my bliss,
But gloomy days and seasons such as this
Memories of days with sweet and bitter rife,
Move me my heart's disquiet to lay bare.

Qual donna attende

WHAT maid is she that seeks the noble praise
Of wisdom, strength, and stately courtesy?
Let her upon that lady fix her gaze
The world calls mine, my gentle enemy.
Mark here how love to God and honour grow,
How dignity goes hand in hand with grace,
Here learn the path to that far heaven to trace,
Which seals her for its own while here below.
The language lovelier far than mortal thought.
The silence yet more lovely, the pure ways
Unspeakable, undreamed of human heart,
These thou mayst learn, but there is none can teach
The infinite beauty, dazzling with its rays,
For this is God's rich gift, nor comes by art.

Sestina

ALL living things that dwell upon the earth,
Except those few that cannot bear the sun,
Choose for their time of toil the joyous day,
And when Heaven's face is kindled by the stars,
Some in their home, some deep in lonely wood,
Seek for repose and rest until the dawn.

And I, so soon as I behold the dawn
Break through the gloom that wraps the sleeping earth,
And rouse the beasts and birds in every wood,
Cease not to mourn while glows the radiant sun
And soon as night awakes the myriad stars,
Weeping I pass along, and sigh for day.

When darksome shades have chased the light of day,
When twilight hours with us make elsewhere dawn;
I look above, toward the cruel stars,
Who willed I should be born of sentient earth;
I curse the day when first I saw the sun,
And seem some savage dweller of the wood.

SESTINA

Ah! never yet wandered through dusky wood,
Creature so cruel or by night or day,
As she I weep in shadow or in sun,
Unwearied through the hours of sleep or dawn;
For though my body be of mortal earth,
My heart's desire is born among the stars.

Ere I return to you, O radiant stars,
O let me lie within the amorous wood.
What though my body turn once more to earth,
If she be moved to pity—in one day
She could restore lost years—before the dawn,
Could bless me through the hours uncheered by sun.

Were I with her from setting of the sun,
And none to watch us but the silent stars,
One night alone—a night that knows no dawn—
Nor let her be transformed to leafy wood,
And there escape my arms, as on the day
When Phoebus followed Daphne o'er the earth.

But I shall lie beneath in that dark wood,
The hours shall pass lit by their thousand stars,
Ere on so fair a dawn shall rise the sun.

- No. 45. THE BRIDGE OF FIRE. By JAMES FLECKER.
- No. 46. SYLVIA'S ROSE AND THE MAY MOON. By G. HUDSON.
- No. 47. THE KNOCKING AT THE DOOR. By ALICE MADDOCK.
- No. 48. CEDMON'S ANGEL. By KATHARINE A. MURDOCH.
- No. 49. FRIENDSHIP. By LILIAN STREET.
- *No. 50. CHRISTMAS SONGS AND CAROLS. By AGNES H. BEGBIE. With seven Illustrations by EDITH CALVERT.
- No. 51. A CHRISTMAS MORALITY PLAY FOR CHILDREN. By the Hon. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON.
- No. 52. DAY DREAMS OF GREECE. By CHARLES W. STORK.
- *No. 53. THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAYYAM. From a Literal Prose Translation by EDWARD HERON-ALLEN. Done into Verse by ARTHUR B. TALBOT.
- No. 54. VOX OTIOSI. By DAVID PLINLIMMON.
- *No. 55. RIVERMUSIC, AND OTHER POEMS. By W. R. TITTERTON.
- No. 56. VANDERDECKEN. By GILBERT HUDSON.
- No. 57. THE PHILANTHROPISTS. By RUTH YOUNG.
- *No. 58. GERMAN LYRISTS OF TO-DAY. By DAISY BROICHER.
- *No. 59. PHANTASIES. By GERTRUDE H. WITHERBY.
- No. 60. THREE POEMS. By CHARLES F. GRINDROD.
- No. 61. VERSE PICTURES. By E. HERRICK.
- No. 62. RHYMES IN A GARDEN. By B. G. BALFOUR.
- No. 63. RUPERT, AND OTHER DREAMS. By LILIAN STREET.
- *No. 64. SONGS AND SONNETS. By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH.
- *No. 65. EXTANT POEMS OF SAPPHO. By PERCY OSBORN.
- *No. 66. BAUDELAIRE: THE FLOWERS OF EVIL. Translated into English Verse by CYRIL SCOTT.
- *No. 67. VANITIES. By F. A. WOLFE.
- *No. 68. THE FAIRY RING: A PLAY. By GERTRUDE H. WITHERBY.
- *No. 69. POEMS OF EMPIRE. By G. B. HEWETSON.
- No. 70. THE BALLAD OF JOHN DUNN. By CHARLES KINROSS.
- *No. 71. TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN OF STEFAN GEORGE. By CYRIL SCOTT.
- *No. 72. SONGS OF AWAKENING. By W. R. CAREY.
- *No. 73. POEMS. By the Hon. ELEANOR NORTON.
- *No. 74. PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES. By E. HERRICK.
- No. 75. IN THE NET OF NIGHT. By W. W. MARSH.
- *No. 76. THE FLAME. By E. HAMILTON MOORE.
- *No. 77. LE ROI D'YS, AND OTHER POEMS. By LEWIS SPENCE.
- *No. 78. NOMAD SONGS. By ISABEL CLARKÉ.
- *No. 79. CONFSSIONAL, AND OTHER POEMS. By WILFRID THORLEY. With a Preface by MAURICE HEWLETT.
- *No. 80. ANGELS AND SYMBOLS. By A. V. MONTGOMERY.
- *No. 81. SONGS OF THE BIRDS. By IDA NORMAN.
- *No. 82. THE SONG OF A TRAMP, AND OTHER POEMS. By CONSTANCE MORGAN.
- *No. 83. THE DREAM-MERCHANT, AND OTHER POEMS. By BLANCHE EDWARDS.
- *No. 84. THE GREEN FIELDS. By KENNETH HARE.
- *No. 85. CORONATION POEM AND LOVE SONGS. By K. H. D. CECIL.

- *No. 86. **SIX LYRICS.** From the Ruthenian of TARAS SHEVCHENKO.
Translated by E. L. VOYNICH.
- No. 87. **UNDER SWEDISH COLOURS.** A Short Anthology of
Swedish Poets. Translated by FRANCIS A. JUDD.
- No. 88. **MILES STANDISH.** By H. W. LONGFELLOW. Dramatised
for performance by EDITH ASHBY.
- No. 89. **THE LURE OF EARTH.** By CHARLES E. MOYSE.
- *No. 90. **ESCAPADES.** By V. TAUBMAN GOLDIE.
- *No. 91. **PUCK'S FLIGHT AND OTHER POEMS.** By JOHN
RODBOROUGH.
- No. 92. **THE WATER-CARRIER OF VENICE.** By RUTH YOUNG.
- No. 93. **AT THE WORLD'S EDGE AND OTHER VERSES.** By
MARIA STEUART.
- *No. 94. **A MERE SONG AND OTHER POEMS.** By MURIEL E.
GRAHAM.
- *No. 95. **A SINGER OF DREAMS: A PROSE IDYLL.** By STANHOPE
BAYLEY.
- No. 96. **THE COMFORT-LADY AND OTHER VERSES.** By
C. A. NICHOLSON.
- *No. 97. **ANIMA FANCIULLA (THE MAIDEN SOUL).** By STANHOPE
BAYLEY.
- *No. 98. **STRANGERS AND FOREIGNERS:** Being Translations from
the French, Italian, German, and Middle High German.
Done into English Verse by LOIS SAUNDERS.
- *No. 99. **THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME: IN THE SLEEP OF THE SUN.**
By STANHOPE BAYLEY.
- *No. 100. **IMAGINARY SONNETS FROM TASSO TO LEONORA.**
By ALICE LAW.

* * *Other Volumes in preparation.*



LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.



BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 05494 275 8

Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square

Division of
Reference and Research Services

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.

1910

